

Killing Spree

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Summary: Poem about your basic slayer game...

Killing Spree

** Killing Spree**

"Slayer," a deep voice said with exclamation

At once the soldier was filled with expectation

"Twenty-five men I have to kill,"

"I'll shoot them so their guts will spill,"

At once he loaded his battle rifle

To him, killing was a trifle

"Bang, bang, bang," he heard from his left

So he turned with a prowess deft

He looked into his scope and pulled the trigger

His victim, though, was filled with vigor

Jumping and dodging the enemy was

"He's a smart one, but he'll take a pause,"

Surely enough the moment came

Only then did the man take his aim

When he shot he did so with precision

Precipitating a death that was easy to envision:

Bang, bang, bang—"three bullets of lead
Followed by three more into his enemy's head
The victory was quick, with no complications
Four more followed, with almost no variations
"Killing spree!" a deep voice said
Soon, very soon, all his enemies would be dead
"I'll snipe them, I will," he said as he headed for the sniper
But he realized that he would be like the pied piper
"Something more subtle, but far more deadly"
"Something to add to my grand killing medley"
"A vehicle would let me kill with ease,"
So he looked 'round the canyon for something to please
Just then, though, a purple haze caught his eye
The soldier could sense his defeat draw nigh
It approached fast, followed by streaks
Although it was fast, the time seemed like weeks
Waiting for the right moment, he finally jumped in the air
Gleeful, he could hear his enemy swear
The craft had crashed into the building behind him, you see
Now one can see why he was filled with glee
He approached the vehicle, submachine guns in hand
He approached; he did, with a drama planned
Throughout the canyon the shots rang
Accompanied with a gigantic bang
His newly acquired vehicle hovered over the canyon floor
Fleeing his captor, he explored
"Someplace to hide, someplace to cower,"
But he found the answer: a weapon of power
So he took the great gun and stared straight ahead
And looked to his left, was that a tank tread?

Surely it wasâ€”the tank was still there
Unaware of its cause and its coming despair
Two rounds, he firedâ€”rockets, they were
The ambushed man screamed, "You're a cur,"
But it was too late: the tank had exploded
And with its explosion the man reloaded
"Nineteen to go," the soldier thought
And with that his victory he brought
Some reading this poem will be appalled; some will never be the
same
They don't realize that it's only Halo: a video game

End
file.